man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i'st, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

I'le put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes wel to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dul asse wil not mend his pace with beating, & when your are ask't this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes lasts tel Doomsday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter

Enter Ham

Ham. Has this fellow no
making.

Hora. Custome hath made

Ha. Tis een so, the hand

Clow. But age with his st
hath clawed me in his
And hath shipped me into
as if I had neuer been

Ham. That skull had a to
knaue iowles it to the grou
did the first murder: this m
this Asse now ore-reache
might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord

Ham. Or of a Courtier
Lord; how dost thou swee
a one, that praised my Lor
beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now
about the mazer with a Sex
we had the tricke to see't,
ding, but to play at loggits

Clow. A pickax and a spa
for and a shrowding
O a pit of Clay for to be
for such a guest is mee

Ha. There's another, why
where be his quiddities no
and his tricks? why dooes h
him about the sconce with
his actions of battery? hum
buyer of Land, with his Sta
double vouchers, his recou
durt: will vouchers vouc
doubles, then the length
The very conueyances of h
and must th'inheritor himse

Hora. Not a iot more m

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